

The Better Treasure

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

(CONTINUED.)

Lying awake, the boy could not bear to think that the dear horse and cow stood hungry in the barn, on their last night of life; how he stole into the kitchen and found the coarse bread and the milk that were saved for his own breakfast, and carried them out to the stable; how, as he came to the door, he heard strange hoarse voices speaking low, and listened and found that it was Friedel and Minna talking together; how then he remembered that once a year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, dumb beasts may find speech in memory of the night when the Christ-child lay among beasts, in the manger; how little Hans listened to the thin old horse and the hungry old cow and heard them grieving for the poverty of their master and mistress and heard them speak of the secret which, if the beasts might have speech to tell it, would make everything right; how Hans went in boldly then and gave the animals his breakfast, and asked them to tell him the secret; how they told him, in unused, rusty voices, that beneath the empty stall of the stable was a treasure of gold, buried a thousand years before by the Romans, which would make his mother and father richer than they could dream; and how just then the bells of the distant village rang for Christmas morning, and the poor beasts were dumb again, and Hans went back to his bed and waited for daylight to tell his father and mother



"Don't Go to Sleep, Benny—Listen."

er, who dug for the treasure and found it and were happy with the horse and cow, and rich ever after.

The story ended and the children were quiet, as if listening, thrilled, to those stammering hoarse tones of the good brutes in the chilly stable.

"Now, chickens, you must go to your roosts," the mother broke their dream, and her words ended in a sigh. "Father! It's too bad to have him left out of Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Benny sturdily. "Nobody can say 'Peaceful Was the Night' 'cept father. It's too bad for father he had to go to the thing-majig's funeral; and, being Christmas Eve, Benny went unreprieved for the description of his great-uncle."

"Father'll be home before morning, won't he?" asked the girl, and went on. "Oh, I remember. You said some time in the night, but we can't tell when, 'cause the trains get late. Well, I hope he'll be here in the morning when we wake up. It wouldn't be Christmas without father; would it, mother?"

"I can't bear to have him out so late," the little woman said, and her tones were troubled. She went on as if thinking aloud—a way she had with her big babies. "Father isn't well—he ought to go south—I wish he could go," and Benny answered in strong baby tones:

"Oh, he can't go, mother. We have not got money enough—you said we hadn't."

"No, dear, we haven't," she sighed; and the girl shook her mane of hair back thoughtfully.

"I wish I could find a lot of money like Hans, for father," she said.

The fascination of the freight as the children lay in their beds, their mother gone, held the drowsy eyes open. The girl, the more aggressive, the more imaginative of the two, went back, with a thought working its way in her mind, to the story which had a hold on both, the story of how two dumb brutes may talk once a year on Christmas Eve.

"Do you believe it's true, Benny?" she consulted her brother. "Mother didn't say it wasn't, you know."

"Then it's true, and I believe it's true," said Benny stoutly. "I'm glad they can. I know Nigger would enjoy a talking. He looks like he wanted to talk when he squeals, and he squeals words sometimes. I heard him say 'corn bread' one day."

Alice lifted her brown head from the pillow and leaned on one elbow and stared into the fire. "Nigger's out in the barn," she reflected. "Father took Mr. Jarvis' horse because Nigger's foot was lame. Benny—" she began excitedly, and stopped.

Benny gave an enormous yawn and turned his heavy yellow head. "Who-ut?" he inquired.

"Don't go to sleep, Benny—listen!" the girl begged. "I've got an idea—something lovely, really. Why can't we go to the stable to-night—it's Christmas Eve—and listen to Nigger talking, like Hans listened to Friedel and Minna? And maybe he'll know about some treasure and we could get

lots of money, and give it to father to go south with. Mother would be glad."

The boy's sleepy eyes opened and gazed at her. "Wouldn't it be naughty?"

As happened once before in a garden, "the woman tempted him." Benny was swept out on the tide of his sister's adventurous spirit, and while the fire steamed and purred an undertone they made their plans. Very nearly were the plans shipwrecked by Nature, however, for, as they waited till the night should be older, the clock ticked, the fire sang a lullaby, and the children fell asleep.

But at half-past eleven a log dropped noisily, the light of it blazed up and the adventurer-in-chief, the deed to be done in her veins, awakened. It needed all her energy to persuade the boy, numb with sleep, that sleep was not the one possibility in a midnight world. But there was a persistent spirit in her, and in ten minutes two muffled little figures crept through the shadowy house and out over the white lawn, misty with still-falling snow, and up the slope to the door of the stable.



There were half-visible footprints in the white carpet on the ground, but the big flakes had blurred them, the children did not notice. An hour before a man had hurried along the road from town, a powerful man, walking fast. As he walked he spoke to himself in a low tone.

"The note about Pat O'Hara's broken leg ought to take him three miles out of his way—it ought to delay him an hour. Lucky I remembered where the horse and trap would be kept."

He passed a stream, tinkling silverly in the stillness under its roof of ice and snow. He halted and stared down.

"I took my first trout in that hole," he murmured, and swung on.

But the ghost of a boy had caught his arm and clung to him and went with him down the road. He could not shake the ghost-boy loose.

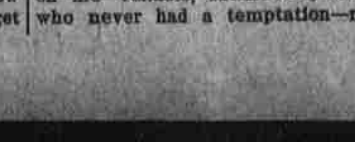
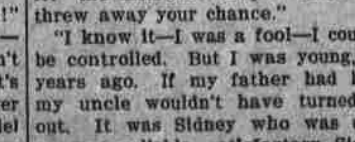
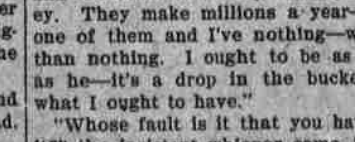
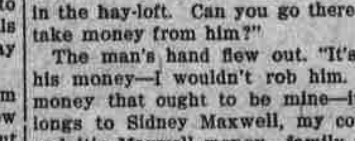
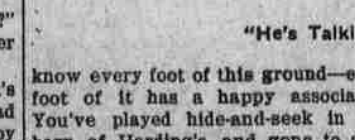
"Dr. Harding took you home to lunch that day," the boy whispered, "and the trout was cooked, and they made an event of it."

"Well, what of that?" the man answered the memory aloud. "I'm not going to hurt Dr. Harding, am I?"

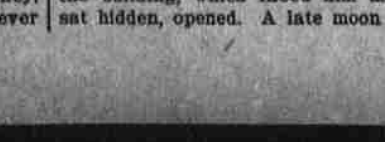
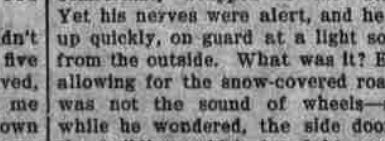
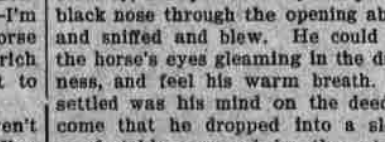
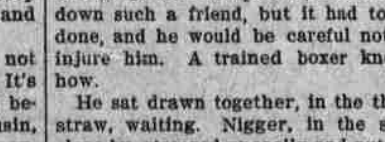
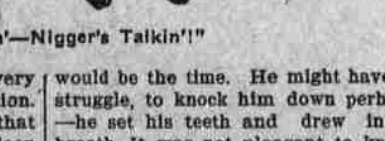
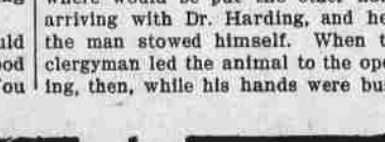
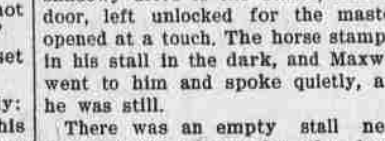
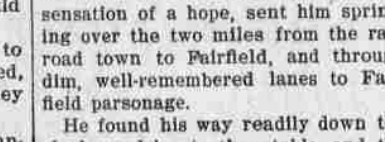
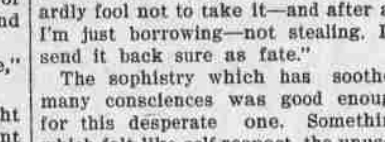
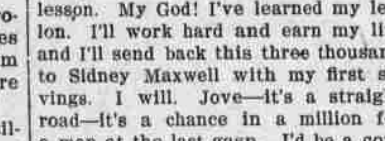
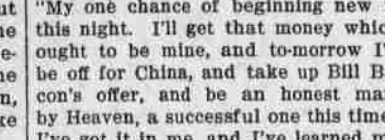
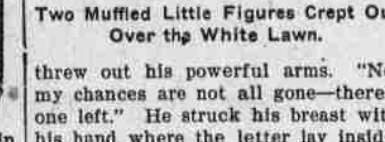
"He won't give up what he has set himself to guard."

The big fellow spoke again grimly: "He'll have to." The muscles of his bent arm tightened. The clinging ghost-boy clutched closer.

"You couldn't hurt him! You could not do it in this place, where the good years of your life were passed. You



made a mistake—never threw away his bright light for a mess of pottage. He's gone from success to success without an effort." The man groaned. "I hate him!" he muttered. "I'm his flesh and blood, and he never throws a thought to me. We had our Christmas trees together, and played with our rocking-horses on the rug before the fire. He was kind as a big brother to me then. But now, the ends of the earth are no farther apart than he and I—Carl Maxwell, my chances all gone, a failure, a pauper." He shuddered. "This night a thief. Ah!" The syllable snapped sharply and he



rise, making the landscape outside as clear as day, and against the white ground he saw, astonished, the figures of two children sharply silhouetted.



The big girl he'd the boy by the hand as they peeped in. The man, unprepared for this complication, watched them, troubled, uncertain, and immediately the boy spoke in a full, sweet voice.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go to bed."

But the girl stepped forward, warily poised, yet determined, and drew her brother. "Maybe he doesn't know it's us," she said. "I don't want to go back till I see." She dropped the boy's hand and was at the door of the box-stall. "Nigger," she whispered. "Nigger," and the horse whinnied and turned his head toward her.

The boy had followed, stumbling across the floor. "Maybe he doesn't know it's Christmas," he suggested. "Let's sing a carol so he'll remember."

The man in the stall listened. In a low tone, because it was a mysterious business they were on, the two sang:

Silent night, hallowing dawn,
Far and wide breaks the morn,
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men
Bringing pardon and healing again,
Holy, harmless and unfeigned—Cometh a little child.

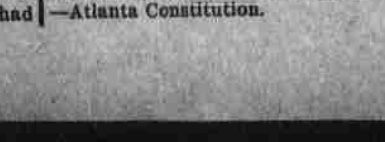
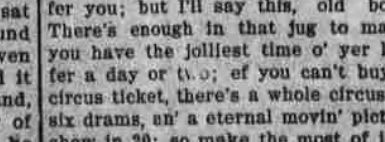
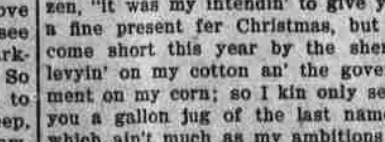
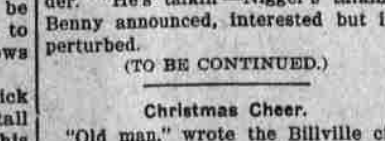
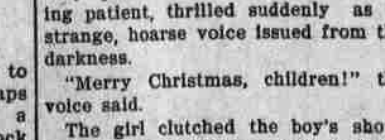
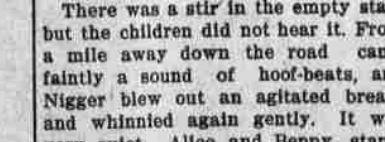
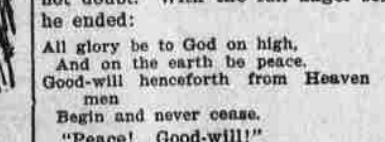
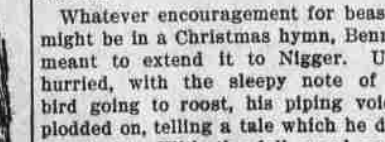
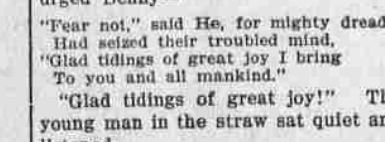
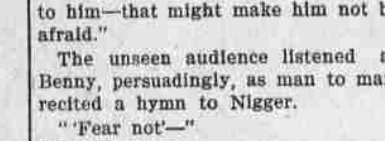
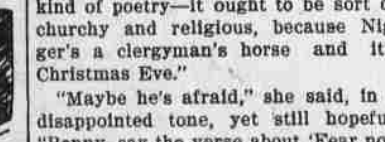
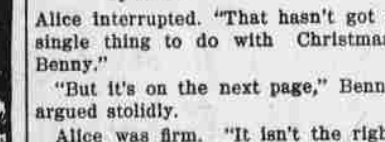
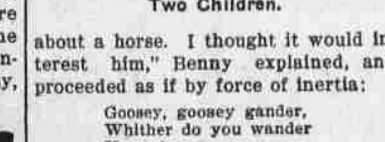
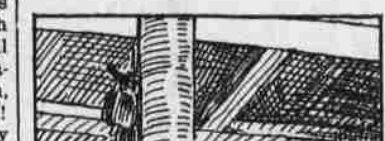
"Pardon and healing!"

They sang it and they were silent, waiting. Nigger sniffed softly, then whinnied.

Benny's slow speech began coaxingly:

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady—

He halted, listening. "I thought maybe he'd like that because it's



LIGHT ON SCANDAL

PUBLICITY IN SUGAR TRUST FRAUDS DEMANDED.

Seeming Alliance Between That Corporation and the Government is a Distinct Menace to Republican Institutions.

The total stealings of the whisky ring under Grant's administration were estimated at \$2,786,000. The sugar trust has already refunded \$2,000,000 and its total stealings from the government have been estimated as high as \$30,000,000.

The whisky frauds extended over a period of six years. The sugar frauds extended over a period of nearly 20 years.

The whisky ring was protected by officials of the United States government. The sugar trust was likewise protected.

Part of the whisky ring stealings went into a Republican campaign fund and some of the money was used to organize a movement to nominate Grant for a third term. How much the sugar trust contributed to campaign funds in 1892, 1896, 1900 and 1904 only a congressional investigation can disclose.

The whisky ring frauds were less extensive and much cruder than the sugar trust frauds. The system was not well organized and its most powerful political ally was only a private secretary to the president. Bribe was able to smash the ring in spite of Grant's hostility to the prosecution of Babeck. The sugar trust built up its alliances through several administrations. It had dealt with the organizations of both parties. It not only stole public revenue through a long period of years, but it violated the anti-trust law and the interstate commerce law as well. Not one of its officers or directors has yet been brought to trial.

Its rebating crimes were exposed not by the government but by a private citizen. Its violation of the anti-trust law was established not in a government prosecution but in a private suit. Its weighing frauds were settled originally by the payment of \$2,000,000, and although the trust's attorneys admitted that the government could have collected additional penalties of \$9,000,000, no such demand was made. The trust was even allowed to dictate the tariff schedules under which it robbed the federal treasury of public revenue.

The long-continued alliance between the sugar trust and government is one of the most scandalous chapters in the history of the United States. It involves a far greater menace to the integrity of republican institutions than did the whisky ring frauds and quite as much perhaps as the credit mobilier scandal. Criminal prosecution of certain specific offenses not covered by the statute of limitations is no longer sufficient. There must be complete publicity of the trust's relations to government, a complete exposure of the methods by which it obtained protection and immunity for so many years.

Only a congressional investigation can do this work.

The Massachusetts Vote.

The fact is that the Republicans lost a larger percentage than usual of their normal vote, and the Democrats not only held substantially the strength which they had last year, but increased it. In the towns the Republicans lost exactly one-half of the majority they had in them last year and came down to the cities with only 25,000 majority, which was reduced to 7,000 by the Democratic vote of Boston. After that the vote in the other cities determined the final result. There cannot be too much praise of the efficient manner in which the Democratic campaign was managed. All along the line the Democrats supported their party ticket with enthusiasm and were justified in believing up to the last moment of the campaign that they were winners. As it was they came so near victory that the Republican success is not much to boast of in view of the large Republican reserve vote there is in this state.—Boston Globe, Dec.

Have Lost Confidence in Taft.

If anything more were required to destroy the confidence placed in Mr. Taft by those who voted for him as president of the United States more than was found in his amazing reversal of the Roosevelt policy of the conservation of our national resources in his action in the Hallinger-Pinchot controversy, it is found in his lame and impotent defense of the Payne-Aldrich bill. So far as may be inferred from this, from the revelation of the weaker side of the president, one may only add that it is humiliating if not discouraging to find that the staff upon which one leaned is, after all, but a reed. So far as may be judged there ought to be satisfaction among the great corporate interests which ran against so many snags during the preceding administration.—Newark (N. J.) News.

"Protection" Unmasked.

All colleges teach their students that "protection" is a farce. They could not do otherwise, and read the history of nations aught.

But it does not require great scholars like Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill to prove that "protection" arguments have no scientific basis. The same truths are reached, in a practical way, every time a new tariff law is under discussion.

During the last tariff debate in congress, the last shreds of the old arguments for "protection" were thrown to the winds. With very few exceptions they were abandoned even by hide-bound protectionists themselves.

Time for Taft to Show Himself.

President Taft's administration bids fair to be one long struggle of his own right inclination against his duty as partisanship and expediency seem to dictate to him. And no statesman ever came out of such a struggle with more honor as he went into it. It is time for Taft to show himself a man if he is one. He has deferred altogether too much to interested advisers so far.

WAGE EARNER NOT BENEFITED

Recently Published Statistics Show Hypocrisy of High Protection Advocates.

About the meanest of the confidence games played upon the American voters by high protectionists of the Cannon-Aldrich school, is their successful but hypocritical use of the plea that high duties mean high wages for workmen. The case of the Pittsburgh foreign-born steel workers—underpaid beyond anything they had ever known in their European homes—has already been commented on. Now comes an official report giving industrial statistics for Rhode Island, year of 1908, as follows:

"The woolen and worsted mills pay their operators from \$5 to \$9 per week, and 80 per cent. of these operators are foreign born.

"The cotton mills pay from \$7 to \$8 per week, and 80 per cent. of their wage earners are foreign born.

"The silk mills pay from \$7 to \$8 per week, and 93 per cent. of their wage earners are foreign born.

"The rubber interests pay from \$3 to \$9 per week, and 70 per cent. of their wage earners are foreign born."

By which it will be seen that these foremost beneficiaries of bloated protection have succeeded in doing away not only with the high wages once paid for American labor, but in most cases with the American laborer himself! These men are doing their very best to reduce their employees to the condition of serfs, while through the tariff they are coining unearned millions at the expense of the American consumer.

Such exhibits as the foregoing are converting former protectionists by thousands into free-traders. The triumph of the Republican promise-breakers, in the passage of the Aldrich-Cannon tariff bill, is likely to prove one of those victories which are costlier than defeat.

Is Taft a Standpatter?

One cannot help detecting, in the wake of President Taft's nation-wide tour, an undercurrent of popular distrust in his "progressive" policies.

President Taft is well versed in the art of making platitudes seem like the utterances of a vigorous reformer. The people like his good nature, and are inclined to be lenient with his redundant oratorical periods that signify little.

Down the Mississippi valley we find, however, some keen critics declaring absolute lack of faith in President Taft's grandiloquent promises of deep waterway national policy. They look beyond the president's glittering generalities and see enthroned at Washington a little company of "stand pat" senators and representatives, who are sworn enemies of any legislation that does not bring "pork" to their barrel.

Further, they have heard President Taft publicly hold up to popular adulation the greatest standpatter of them all—Aldrich of Rhode Island. They know Aldrich, and are compelled to modify their regard for a president who will stand sponsor for him.

The next query we are likely to hear discussed is whether or not President Taft is a "standpatter" himself.

Taft and the Sugar Trust.

Dispatches announcing the determination of the Taft administration to collect every penny of penalty due from the sugar trust are welcome reading.

This trust for 20 years has robbed the people of the United States under special license of high tariff protection, while at the same time it defrauded the government out of millions of dollars in customs dues by short-weight swindling and juggled bookkeeping in the New York custom house.

The dressmaker caught smuggling \$100 worth of lace is fined heavily and forfeits the lace to the government. The same kind of justice for the sugar trust means a penalty of \$55,000,000.

The people of the United States would welcome such action, but, in view of the lamentable lack of results in all the Roosevelt proceedings against trusts, there is not likely to be great popular applause until the sugar trust fine is in the United States treasury and a few of its high officers in a federal penitentiary.

Can Earn Country's Gratitude.

"In all the public utterances of Mr. Taft since the day of his inauguration there has been not one word of economy, not one hint of retrenchment. On the contrary, he has committed himself to vast increases of annual government expenses, and monstrous additions to the national debt, which is more than \$800,000,000."

That is true, but how else shall the Roosevelt policies be "clinched"? The situation of the president is not without its embarrassing features, for he is explicitly pledged to economy and implicitly pledged to extravagance. We look for a reasonable compromise. The president probably understands that the spending of money is not all there is to government. If he can apply his knowledge he will win the gratitude of a heavily burdened people.

Law a Betrayal of Pledge.

The tariff act of 1909 is a hedge of increases and reductions, of jokers and of the confusing mixture of ad valorem and specific duties. It can easily be shown that on the consumption basis the new law is either upward or downward, according to the will of the statistician, but the fact remains that few if any duties on articles of common use are reduced sufficiently to lower prices to the consumer, while a number, notably of clothing materials, excepting shoes, are shamefully increased. The question of the cost of production abroad, which the Republican platform promised would be taken into consideration in fixing rates, was almost completely ignored. The result constitutes a betrayal of the pledges of the Republican party and of President Taft, for which betrayal they will have to answer to the people at the next election.—Sue.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom thinks he sees signs of the breaking up of the solid south. Mr. Cullom does not seem to have taken note of the Virginia election.

BREAKS COLD IN A DAY.

This prescription is one of the very best known to science. The ingredients can be gotten from any good druggist, or he will get them from his wholesale house.

Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add one-half ounce Concentrated pine compound. The bottle is to be shaken each time and used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours. The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in an air-tight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated."

CHEAP COALS.



Smythe—Do you pay much for your coal?

Jones—Not a cent. I live near the railway line, and get my coal to make grime at the engineers of all the trains as they pass.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions, but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Kruskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Country Neglecting the Children.

If the percentage of tubercular children recently ascertained by an investigation in Stockholm, Sweden (1.61 per cent.) were applied to the schools of the United States there would be 273,700 children between the ages of eight and fifteen who are positively affected with tuberculosis, according to a statement of the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis. As contrasted with this figure, there are only 11 open-air tuberculosis schools in operation in the entire country, and also more under consideration. At the lowest estimate, even with all the schools now in operation and those proposed, accommodations will not be provided for four-tenths of one per cent. of the children who need this special treatment.

Boy's Essay on Clothing.

Here is an extract from an essay, written by a boy in a London school: "Clothing is an article which everybody should wear. The least of this article is worn by savages or natives, which is a piece of cloth or a few leaves or feathers round the waist. In cold countries, same as Eskimos, the people wear more clothes than we do, count of the icy cold out there. They can skate all the year round, except about one thaw there is in summer. If they walked about like natives they would catch cold directly and die of bronchitis. We put clothes on which are nearly like our bodies, some have caps, coats and trousers, but women and girls wear hats and frocks to tell who they are."

That Single Thought.

You've heard the old story of sweet wedded bliss, of the two hearts that flutter as one, and the two souls single-thought sealed with a kiss, and have wondered, no doubt, how 'twas done. As a wise one who was by experience taught, this effect we will briefly explain; in most of the cases that "one single thought" is: "I wish I was single again!"

A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong and as broad as you please, but, with all this, if he is not good he may be a paltry fellow.—J. S. Blackie.

SECRET WORKERS

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "Worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was."

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart troubles have all disappeared."

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'"

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit it has given us from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.